

PHANTOM

PLAYERS

SING

VIETNAM

'66-'67

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Many thanks to all the contributors...:

BLACK MAE

SONGS

YOU'D

SING TO

MOM

## THIS LAND

CHORUS: This land is my land  
From New York Island,  
From the Gulf Stream waters,  
This land is for you and me.

As I was walking that still highway  
I saw above me that eagle soaring,  
I saw below me that golden sand,  
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and searched and I follow my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
And all around me a voice was sounding,  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun comes shining and I was strolling  
And the wind was in my hair and the dust clouds rolling  
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting,  
This land was made for you and me.

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain.  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee,  
And crown thy good  
With brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

## SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
Way, hey, you rolling river!  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
Way, hey, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
Way, hey, you rolling river.  
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
Way, hey, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,  
Way, hey, you rolling river.  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,  
Way, hey, we're bound away 'cross the wide Missouri.

## WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Haggis  
To the place where Louis dwells  
To the dear old tumble bar we love so well  
Sing the Wiffenpoofs assembled  
With their glasses held on high  
And the magic of their singing casts a spell  
Yes, the magic of their singing  
Of the songs we love so well  
Shall I Waffins Mavernin, and the rest  
We will serenade our Lute  
While life and voice do last  
Then we'll pass on and be forgotten with the rest  
CHORUS: Oh, we're poor little Lute  
Who have lost our way  
Baa, Baa, Baa  
We're little lost sheep  
Who have gone astray  
Baa, Baa, Baa  
Gentlemen, Singsters, off on a spree  
Doomed from now to eternity  
Lord have mercy on fools such as we  
Baa, Baa, Baa

## DANNY BOY

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen  
And down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, the roses all are dying  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bye  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow  
And when the valley's hush and white with snow  
It's I'll be there in sunshine and shadow  
Oh, Danny Boy, Oh, Danny Boy, I miss you so

## IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling  
All the world seems bright and gay  
In the lilt of Irish laughter  
You can hear the angles sing  
When Irish hearts are happy  
All the world seems bright and gay  
But when Irish eyes are Smiling  
They'll steal your hearts away.

## MARINE GREEN

Marine Green, I'm 'A Goin' away to the far side of the hill  
Marine Green, I'm 'A Goin' away where the Grass is greener still!

WAKUNI !

## I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO

I left my heart in San Francisco,  
High on a hill, it calls to me.  
To be where little cable cars  
Climb half way to the stars,  
The morning fog may chill the air,  
I don't care.  
My love waits there in San Francisco,  
Above the blue and windy sea.  
When I come home to you San Francisco,  
Your golden sun will shine for me.

## WE'LL SING IN THE SUNSHINE

CHORUS: We'll sing in the sunshine, We'll laugh everyday;  
We'll sing in the sunshine, And I'll be on my way.

I will never love you; The cost of love's too dear.  
But though I'll never love you, I'll live with you one year  
CHORUS

I'll sing to you each morning; I'll kiss you every night.  
But darling don't cling to me; I'll soon be out of sight.  
CHORUS

My daddy, he once told me, Just take what they may give you  
Don't love you any man, Just take what they may give you  
CHORUS

When our year has ended and I have gone away,  
You'll often speak about me And this is what you'll say:  
CHORUS

## KING OF THE ROAD

Trailer for sale or rent: Rooms to let - Fifty cents;  
No phone, no pool, no pets: I ain't got no cigarettes.  
Ah, but two hours of push'n broom, buys an eight by twelve four bit room  
I'm a man of means by no means, KING OF THE ROAD !

Third boxcar, midnight train; Destination, Bangor, Maine.  
Old worn out suit and shoes; I don't pay no Union Dues.  
I smoke old stogies I have found, Short but not too big around.  
I'm a man of means by no means, KING OF THE ROAD

## KING OF THE ROAD(CON'T)

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

I know every engineer on every train,  
All of the children and all of the names  
And every hand-out in every town,  
And every lock that ain't locked when one one's around  
I'm a man of means by no means, KING OF THE ROAD I

## COOL WATER

All day I've faced a barren waste without a trace of cool water  
Old Dan and I with throats burnt dry and souls that cry for water  
Cool Clear Water

CHORUS: Keep 'A mov'in Dan, Don't you listen to him Dan,  
He's a devil, not a man, and he spreads the burning sand  
with water  
Dan, can you see that big green tree where the water's  
run'n free and it's wait'n there for you and me !

The nights are cool and I'm a fool each star's a pool of water  
Cool water  
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn and carry on to water  
Cool clear Water

The shadow's sway and seem to say, "Tonight we pray for water,  
Cool Water"  
And 'way up there he'll hear our prayer and show us there's  
Water, Cool Clear Water  
CHORUS

Dan's feet are sore, he's yearning for just one thing more than water,  
Cool Water  
Like me I guess he'd like to rest where there's no quest for water  
Cool Clear Water  
CHORUS

## THE STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen,  
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"...  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First to the dram house and then to the card house;  
Got shot in the breast; I am dying today.



## THE STRIPS OF LARADO (Cont.)

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin;  
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall;  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Roses to deaden the blows as they fall."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as you carry me along;  
Take me to the green valley and lay the soil over me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong".

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys  
And tell them the story of this, my sad fate,  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before it's too late!"

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,  
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said;  
Before I returned, the spirit had left him  
And gone to his Maker...The cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

## DON'T GIVE ME AN ABLE 4 DOG

Don't give me an Able 4 Dog  
At high altitude it's a hog  
It runs out of poop in an idiot loop  
Don't give me an Able 4 Dog

Don't give me a Demon, please no  
It flames out in rain and in snow  
It has new shiny paint, but all-weather it ain't  
Don't give me a Demon, please no !

## AIRFORCE 801 (Tune of "Wabash Cannon Ball")

Hello Itayuki tower, this is Airforce 801  
I'm turning on the downwind, my prop is overrun  
Fire warning light is blinking, hydraulic pressure's gone  
I've lost both generators and the low fuel light is on.

Hello Airforce 801, this is Itayuki Tower  
Take it to the southwest and come back on the power  
Duty Officer's in the snack bar, cup of coffee in his hand  
I'll have to go get his O.K. before your ship can land !

TIGERS IN THE SKY (To the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

My name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ and Five Four Two in Mine  
They say that Colonels are too young to keep "TIGERS in line -  
They shout SHAZAM and LA-KA-UM  
As they climb into the sky  
The average age of a TIGER is only twenty five  
YIPPEE GUNG-HO  
SEMPER FI  
Tigers in the Sky!!

O'LEARY'S BAR (JAPANESE VERSION)

Twas a cold winters evening  
The guest - came in a - going  
Osato was the only one there  
When he noticed a girl who was wearing the Ogi  
And these were the words that he said....

Her Hama San never told her  
The things a young Jo San should know  
About the effects of Scurvy  
And the ways of G.I. Joe (Gosely Joe)

Age has taken her beauty  
The occupation has left its sad scar  
So remember your State-side Coribitos  
And let her sleep under the Bar (between the stools)

OFF WE GO -

Off we go into the wild blue yonder - CRASH!  
Anchors aweigh my Boys - SPLASH!  
Over Hill, Over Dale, as we hit the Dusty Trail - ARF, ARF, ARF!  
From the Halls of Montezuma - TAKE MY PICTURE !

A.O.M. (to the tune of "Amen")

AOM, AOM, AOM, AOM  
AOM, Sing it in the Morning  
AOM, Sing it in the Evening  
AOM, AOM

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE

We've got to get out of this place  
If it's the last thing we ever do

We've got to get out of this place  
Girl, there's a better life for me and you!!

CHU LAI (Sung to the tune of "Galway Bay")

If you ever get to see the sea to Chu Lai  
And you get there at the closing of the day  
You can hear the M5's from 2/11  
And watch the flame light up on Chu Lai Bay

Then you take your little trip to downtown An Tan  
And watch the little children at their play  
They are playing anti-tank mines on the highway  
And putting them along the light-of-way

Oh, they say we're going to be a great hereafter  
And I'm sure that there is going to be  
I would like to join that number on my own, Lord  
And not be hurried up by some V.C.

THOSE CHU LAI MORTARS (Sung to the tune of "That Old Gang of Mine")

There are flares down by the sandramp  
And that's a pretty certain sign  
Those mortar rounds are breaking up  
That old gang of mine

Sure I get that lonesome feeling  
When I see those stiff's in line  
Those mortar rounds are breaking up  
That Old Gang of Mine

Now there goes Jack  
And there goes Joe  
Blasted off to Hell  
There lays Bill  
He's awfully still  
Cause he aint feeling well

And we say, "It don't mean nothing"  
Everything is really fine  
But those mortar rounds  
Keep breaking up that Old Gang of Mine

CHU LAI TOWERS (To the Tune of "Four Leaf Clover")

I'm losing power o'er Chu Lai Towers  
I'm on the go-round again  
EGT is falling, my gear won't come down  
Looks like I'm headed right into the ground  
No need complaining, no fuel remaining  
To me this looks like the end  
Please send my flowers to Chu Lai Towers  
My attitude is fine -10

### I WAS MARRIED UP IN THE AIR

Oh, I was married up in the Air  
Way up above in the clouds  
We went up as two  
We came down as one  
When we hit the ground is when my troubles began  
If I'd 'A known what I was doing  
When I took that fatal hop  
I'd taken her up Seven Miles  
And then just left her drop...  
Oh, I was married up in the air  
I've been up in the air ever since.

Oh, I was married up in the air  
Way up above in the clouds  
She went up a peach  
We came down a pair  
But the apple of my eye is now a Lemon, I swear  
For our wedding breakfast  
When we dined with all the Swells  
The dumbbell ate theysters  
And then chewed up the shells  
Oh, I was married up in the air  
I've been up in the air ever since.

### SMILE THE WHILE

Smile the while you peel those dirty spuds  
Some sweet day you'll wear civilian duds  
Throw away those Marine Corps shoes  
Keep no more those golden rules  
The old mess hall will be a memory  
Every night will be a liberty  
And they will have to try like hell  
To make me sign again.

When the war is over we will all enlist again  
When the war is over we will all enlist again  
When the war is over we will all enlist again  
In a Pig's Asshole we will !

### BEAUTIFUL SLANT EYES

Beautiful, beautiful Slant Eyes  
Beautiful, beautiful Slant Eyes  
Beautiful, beautiful Slant Eyes  
I'll never love Round Eyes again !

### THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,  
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free, And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS: Fare thee well for I must leave thee,  
Do not let the parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.  
Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu,  
Adieu, adieu, I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,  
To signify I died of love.

### AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of Auld Lang Syne?

CHORUS: For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,  
For Auld Lang Syne;  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For Auld Lang Syne.

And here's a hand my trusty friend,  
And gi'us a hand o' thine;  
We'll take a right gude willing draught,  
For Auld Lang Syne.

### THE CAT AND MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor  
And the bar was closed for the night.  
When a little white mouse crawled from a hole in the wall,  
In the shade of the pale moonlight.  
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor  
And back on his haunches he sat.  
And all night long you could hear him roar,  
"Bring On The Goddamn Cat!"

Then a black cat came from behind the bar,  
And gobbled up the little white mouse.  
And the moral to this story is:  
Don't never take a drink on the house.

## THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call it the Rising Sun.  
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl,  
And I, oh, Lord, was one.

If I had a-listened to what mamma said,  
I'd be at home today.  
But I was young and foolish, poor girl,  
I let a gambler lead me astray.

My mother, she's a tailor,  
She sews those new blue jeans.  
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,  
He drinks down in New Orleans.

Go tell my baby sister:  
"Don't do what your sister done,  
Stay away from that house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun."

With one foot on the platform,  
And the other on the train.  
I'm go'n back to New Orleans  
To wear the Ball and Chain.

I'm go'n back to New Orleans,  
My race is almost run.  
I'm go'n back to spend my life  
Beneath that Risin' Sun.

## THE KEEPER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddy Stone Light,  
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.  
From this union there came three:  
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.  
CHORUS: Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free  
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea!

One night as I was trimmin' of the glim,  
A-sing'n a verse of the evenin' hymn,  
A voice from the starboard shouted ahoy,  
And there was me mother a-sitt'n on a buoy.

Oh, what has become of my children three,  
My mother then she asked of me.  
One was exhibited as a talking fish,  
The other was served in a chafing dish.

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,  
I looked again and me mother wasn't there.  
A voice came echoin' out of the night,  
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone light!"

CONFIDENTIAL

SUPPLEMENT



NOT FOR VIRGIN

EARS OR

WEAK STOMACHS

PHANTOM PHLYERS IN THE SKY (To the tune of "The Green Berets")

(Chorus)

Phantom Phylers in the Sky  
Charlie Cong prepare to Die  
For we're out to get your Ass  
And leave you dead in the Elephant Grass

Hey there fella in the Green Beret  
You would probably be dead today  
If from the sky we did not blast  
And save your silly Green Bare-Ay Ass

Cockpit Check, Run up and Roll  
Charlie Cong, Pray for your Soul  
Down the Chute and Zero in  
Take Bombs and Nape - - - Ol' Ho Chi Minh

T.F.Q. and F.A.C.  
M.A.F. and Ol' MAG-V  
MAG One Three, 542  
Flying Marines up in the Blue

Wings of Gold upon their Chest  
Naval Aviation's Best  
Tiger's Paw prepared to Strike  
Give the Cong a Gift, they will not like

Paratrooper with your boots  
Fancy clothes and parachutes  
The Army's pride, so young and fair  
At Pleiku they called Marine Air

1st Air Mobile tried and true  
The 25th is helping you  
But when your ass gets in a bind  
Marine Air's not far behind

Straight leg soldier on the Ground  
Watching Phantoms fly 'round and 'round  
Keep your head turned toward the sky -  
That's why today you did not die

Hey there Sailor on the Sea  
Phantom Jets keep the sky free  
So that you can drink your Coke  
Charlie Cong we're gonna Smoke

We've got a Skipper, He's OK  
He loves to fly both night and day  
He's Cool and suave and Debonair  
A terror 'mongst the Ladies Fair



## PHANTOM FLYERS IN THE SKY (Con't)

Escalators of the War  
Hear our afterburners Roar  
Hey there Charlie Check you six  
Have a Napalm Cocktail - And here's the Mix

A-4D's have just one Seat  
So their Pilot's can beat their Beat  
In the Privacy up in the blue  
It's the only thing that they do

Their Torso Harness sits too High  
They can hardly see to fly  
F-8's never get the call  
Their pilot's have no Balls at all

Air Force Planes make lots of noise  
Their pilots are just little boys  
So when their bombs go Toxon Long  
They're Comic Relief for the Viet Cong

I'm an A-4 Driver, can't you see  
Not two people - Only Me  
Single Seated Flying is a Lark  
My own "Standby" - I forgot to "Mark"!

Gyrene Choppers slice through the Air  
Off to "Hastings" they carry their Fare  
One Thousand Marines they hauled Today  
Not one Marine wore a Green Beret

Phantom II's o'er the D.M.Z.  
Doing our part to make a People free  
Bombs and Rockets streak through the Sky  
In the Corps' Tradition - Semper Paratus!

Oh when this Tour is o'er and done  
It's back to CONUS for Sex and Fun  
We'll remember this horrible year  
You can take Viet Nam and Stick it in your Ear

## I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY

Monday night I touched 'er on the ankle  
Tuesday night I touched 'er on the knee  
Wednesday night, with much success, I lifted up 'er undress  
Thursday night she showed it to me  
Friday night I put me 'and upon it  
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweek  
It was Sunday after dinner I rammed the 'ol Boy in 'er  
And now I get it seven nights a week!! Oh, Blimy....

I don't want to join the Navy  
I don't want to go to war  
I'd just rather sit around Piccadilly Underground  
Living of the earnings of a 'igh class lady

I don't want a bullet up me ass 'ole  
Don't want me buttocks shot away  
I'd rather live in England, In Jolly, Jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away

Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the Rank and the File  
Call out the bloody Territorials  
They'll face danger with a smile, Oh, Blimy...

Call out the members of the Home Brigade  
They'll keep England free  
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother  
But for God's sake don't call me!!

## FOLLOW THE BAND

CHORUS: Ring A-Ling A-Ling, Fuck a little bit  
Follow the Band (follow)  
Follow the Band (follow)  
Follow the Band  
Ring A-Ling A-Ling, Fuck a little bit  
Follow the Band, Join in our Happy Song

My husband's a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant, a Lieutenant  
A very fine Lieutenant is he  
All day he Dicks Up, he Dicks Up, he Dicks Up  
And at night he comes home and Dicks Me!!

Captain (Chews Ass)  
Major (Makes Plans)  
Colonel (Eats Shit)  
General (Fucks Up)

## ISN'T IT GRAND BOYS TO BE BLOODY WELL DEAD

Look at the Coffin with golden handles

CHORUS:

Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead  
Let's not have a sniffle  
Let's have a bloody good cry  
And always remember the longer you live  
The sooner you'll bloody well die!

Look at the flowers, all bloody wilted

Look at the preacher, bloody fine fellow

Look at the mourners, bloody hypocrites

Look at the widow, bloody fine female

## AVIATOR'S HYMN (To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Here's a toast to all Marines who wear the Navy wings of Gold  
They are fearless fighter pilots, they are brave and they are bold  
They carouse a bit and drink a lot in quantities untold  
And they'll never fly home again

CHORUS: Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die  
(STALL! SPIN! CRASH! BURN! DIE!)  
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die  
(STALL! SPIN! CRASH! BURN! DIE!)  
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die  
(STALL! SPIN! CRASH! BURN! DIE!)  
And they'll never fly home again

Oh, it wasn't lack of throttle and it wasn't faulty trim  
He wasn't turning in the groove, he didn't stall and spin  
He just forgot to switch his tanks, too bad he couldn't swim  
And they'll never fly home again

He was com'n through the 90 when he got a little slow  
He ignored the waving paddles of the frantic L.S.O.  
When he finally added power he was just too  
And he'll never fly home again

There were little bits of wreckage scattered o'er the Naval Base  
And a little pool of blood to mark his final resting place  
Now he wears a Mark 8 gunsight where he used to wear his face  
And he'll never fly home again

I saw a burning body fall from 40,000 feet  
He squirmed, he kicked, he clawed the air  
My God but it was neat  
With the chute wrapped round his body and the shrouds around  
his feet  
And he'll never fly home again

The outlook wasn't brilliant for 314 that day  
The targets that were spotted were too many miles away  
But Joe Gyrene and his R.I.O. decided they would stay  
And they'll never fly home again

## AVIATOR'S HYMN (Gen'l)

The target was a village in a valley steep and wide  
The R.I.O. said, "It looks to be a one-way ride",  
But the pilot said, "Don't worry man, we'll take this one in stride"  
And they'll never fly home again

The napalm was delivered but the pilot was in doubt  
His speed was great, his pull-out late, when he began to doubt  
In less time than it takes to tell, the pair of them punched out  
And they'll never fly home again

The Phantom hit the trees, burst into flames and was a wreck  
An Air Force chopper spared them both a long survival trek  
They never fly together now, if you would care to check  
And they'll never fly home again

They climbed into their cockpits on that sultry August day,  
As they readied for their cat shot, both their hearts  
were young and gay  
But shortly they were both to learn the Devil was to pay  
And they'll never fly home again

He tried to cut the burners in, but 'twas to no avail,  
The chute was shot, the brakes were hot, the nose became the tail,  
The R.I.O. screamed, "let's get out!" but Joe was like a snail  
And they'll never fly home again

The aircraft came to rest in such a state you'd not believe  
(It never got like that performing high-time fighter weave)  
And four days later, the pilot did his Major's leaves receive  
And they'll never fly home again

Ten thousand dollars going home to his wife,  
Ten thousand dollars in exchange for his life,  
(Oh, won't they be excited  
Oh, won't they be delighted  
Think of all the things that they can buy!)

More God Damn money and no more family strife  
And he'll never fly home again

## PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN

Passengers will please refrain from flushing toilets  
While the train is in the station, Darling I love you!  
We encourage constipation while the train is in the station  
Moon-light always makes me think of you.

If you wish to pass some water, kindly call the pullman porter,  
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule,  
If the porter isn't here then try the platform in the rear,  
The one in front is likely to be cool.

PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REMAIN (Cont)

If the women's room be taken, never feel the least forsaken,  
Never show the sign of sad defeat  
Try the men's room for as the hall, and if some man has had  
the call,  
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts all are vain, then simply break the window pane,  
This novel method's used by very few,  
We go strolling through the park, a-gazing statues in the dark,  
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you?

THE DRAFT DODGER'S THEME

Well, I'm just a typical American Boy  
From a typical American Town  
I believe in God and Senator Dodd  
And keeping old Castro down

Well, I hate Che en Lai and I hope he dies  
And I know better Dead than Red  
But when I got to my local Draft Board  
Buddy, this is what I said:

**CHORUS: SARGE!....**

I'm only 16 I got a ruptured spleen  
I always carry a purse  
My feet are flat, I got eyes like a bat  
And my Asthma's gett'n worse

Consider my Career, my sweet heart dear  
My poor old invalid aunt.  
And I ain't no fool, I'm a-go'n to school  
And I work in a defense plant

I got a dislocated disk and a racked-up bag  
And I'm allergic to flowers and trees  
If the enemy ever get close to me  
I'd probably start to sneeze

Oh, I can't stand pain and the sight of blood  
Especially if it's mine  
But if you ever get a war without any gore  
Then I'll be the first in line.

STRAFE THE TOWN... (Tune of "Wake the Town...")

Strafe the Town and kill the people, It's the only thing to do,  
Set your gun sights residential, You'll get more kills if you do!  
Drop the Napalm in the schoolyard, see the children run & shout.  
Note the Mass Hysteria, as they try to put it out!

SHAME ON YOU

Shame on you, Shame on you  
You just said a dirty word  
Skipper's gonna get you!  
Skipper's gonna get you!  
The Skipper's gonna have your Ass!

BE-BOP 'A JESUS

Be-Bop 'A Jesus  
He's my Savior  
Be-Bop 'A Jesus  
Better watch Yo' Behavior  
Be-Bop 'A Jesus  
He's my Savior, now!

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSH'N

Was it you who did the push'n  
Put the stains upon the cush'n  
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you whose sly wood pecker  
Got into my girl Rebecca?  
If it was, you'd better leave this town!

REPLY:

Yes, It was I who did the push'n  
Put the stains upon the cush'n  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down

Ever since I laid your daughter  
I've had trouble pass'n water  
Guess we'll call it even all around!

LAST NIGHT I STAYED UP LATE AND MASTURBATED

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated  
It was so nice, I did it twice  
Last night I stayed up late and masturbated  
It felt so good, I knew it would

Oh, you should see me on the long stroke  
It is so neat, I use my feet  
Oh, you should see me on the short stroke  
It is so grand, I use my hand.

Smash it, Bash it, Crash it on the floor!  
Maah it, Slash it, slam it in the door!  
Forniculee, Fornicula

Fucking may be great, But I prefer to self-manipulate!!

## NO BALLS AT ALL

Come all you children and listen to me.  
I'll sing you a song that will fill you with glee,  
About a young woman so lovely and tall,  
Who married a man who had no BALLS AT ALL  
WHAT ?

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all,  
She married a man who had no balls at all !

Well she remembers the night that she wed,  
She picked up the cover and crawled into bed,  
She reached for his shoulder, his shoulder was small,  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

CHORUS:

"Mother, oh, mother, oh, what shall I do,  
My sorrows are many, my pleasures but few,  
How did you ever allow me to fall  
For this son-of-a-bitch who has no balls at all?"

CHORUS:

"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't feel so sad,  
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad,  
There's many young fellows who'll come to the call  
Of the wife of the man who's got no balls at all.

CHORUS:

The young lady took her dear mother's advice,  
And found the proceeding exceedingly nice,  
And a seven-pound boy was born in the fall,  
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all ! !

CHORUS:

## HOTCHA

Hotcha, Hotcha,  
Hotcha like to bite my Ass?

## THE BIG FUCKING WHEEL

I once knew a man, oh how he sighed, I know not if the bastard li  
For he had a wife who could not be satisfied. So he built himself  
a big prick of steel, and mounted it on a big fucking wheel; two  
balls of brass he filled with cream and the whole fucking issue w  
run by steam. CHORUS: Round and Round went the Big Fucking Wheel  
and in and out went the Big Prick of Steel. And the maiden cried,  
"At last, at last, I'm satisfied!". Now that was the sad part of  
for there was no stopping it; The maiden was torn from twat to tit  
and the whole fucking issue blew up in shit!

SUNG BY THE WHOREHOUSE QUARTET

Sung by the Whorehouse Quartet  
Have you got a hard on? Not Tet!  
Are you going to get one? You Bet!  
Knee-Deep in Shit!

TRY TO REMEMBER (From the Fantasticks, "Try to Remember")

(DAHANG, JAPAN, OKINAWA, CHU LAI)

Try to remember that twelve hole shitter  
With flye and punts upon your asshole

CHORUS: Try to remember and if you remember then....

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH!

Try to remember those midnight briefs  
Which lead to flights beyond belief  
CHORUS - SHUDDER, SHUDDER, SHUDDER!

Try to remember the elegant messhall  
With warm bug-juice and cold ginned burgers  
CHORUS - GAG, GAG, GAG!

Try to remember the Air Force Compound  
With Steaks so rare and a sign, "OFF LIMITS"  
CHORUS - WEEP, WEEP, WEEP!

Try to remember that cold September  
And the warmth we found on a Jo-San's Footen  
CHORUS - SIGH, SIGH, SIGH!

Try to remember the Fighter Club at Naha  
And the lessons we learned at the knee of a School Marm  
CHORUS - SNICKER, SNICKER, SNICKER!

Try to remember the Monsoon Weather  
And midnight swims to the old Piss Tube  
CHORUS - DRIP, DRIP, DRIP!

Try to remember the Chu Lai Sandstorms  
With the fragrant scent of burning turds  
CHORUS - CHOKER, CHOKER, CHOKER!

Try to remember when you're back in the States  
Of your Buddies who came to take your place  
CHORUS - LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH!



## KAFOOZALUM

Come listen to my tale of woe  
It happened many years ago  
When women never answered, "No"  
Way down in old Jerusalem

CHORUS: Hi, Ho Kafoozalum, Harlot of Jerusalem  
Prostitute of ill repute  
The daughter of the Rabbi

Kafoozalum was a wily witch, a warty whore, a brazen bitch  
She caused all the men to twitch, that liveth in Jerusalem.

There was prince both lean and tall, whose manly Cock was known to all  
His victims lined the wailing wall that standeth in Jerusalem

One night, returning from his spree, his customary lear had he  
Looked down the road and chanced to see that whoary bitch, Kafoozalurn

With artful eye and cunning look, she lead him by his fabled crook  
And into her black crack she took the pride of all Jerusalem

But he was too abrupt, alas, and so he made a hasty pass,  
Which knocked Kafoozalum to the grass that grows in old Jerusalem

Kafoozalum was over-gassed, she arched her back and loosed a blast  
That sent him flying far and fast, a-sailing o'er Jerusalem

And when the moon is bright and red, a flying Cock flies overhead  
Still raining curses on the bed of the brazen bitch, Kafoozalum.

## GOOD NIGHT SUCKERS (Tune of "Goodnight Ladies")

Good night Suckers, Bring more Yen tomorrow  
Good night Suckers, How much can you borrow  
We'll spend your base pay and Flight Money  
All in one day, And then we'll say  
Good night Suckers, Bring more Yen tomorrow  
Good night Suckers, Parting is such sorrow  
Please come back on your next R&R and  
We'll spend your Yen again!

## ALOUETTE

CHORUS: Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, Je te plumerai  
Je te plumerai la.....

Betty Grable, on the table  
Doris Day, in the hay  
Zazu Pitts, has big teeth  
Carmen Meranda, on the veranda  
Donald Duck, likes to swim  
Sophie Tucker, She's a faker  
Etc.

## CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

The crocodile is a funny ani-male  
He rapes his mate only once in awhile  
But when he does he floods the Nile  
As he revels in the throes of fornication

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftops, Cats on the tiles  
Cats with the Clap and the Crabs and the Piles  
Cats with their assholes all wreathed in smiles  
As they revel in the throes of fornication.

The hippo's rump is big and round  
The small ones weigh a thousand pounds  
Two together shake the ground  
As they revel in the throes of fornication

The baboon's rear is an eerie sight  
There's a glow below like a neon light  
As it waves like a flag in the jungle night  
As he revels in the throes of fornication

The camel has a lot of fun  
His night's complete when he is done  
He always gets two humps for one  
As he revels in the throes of fornication

The clam is a model of chastity  
And you can't tell the he from the she  
But she can tell and so can he  
As they revel in the throes of fornication

The queen bees flit among the trees  
And there consort with whom they please  
And fill the land with sons of bees  
As they revel in the throes of fornication

The monkey's small and rather slow  
Erect he stands a foot or so  
So when he comes, it's time to go  
As he revels in the throes of fornication

Five hundred verses, all in rhyme  
To sit and sing them seems a crime  
When we could better spend our time  
Reveling in the throes of fornication

## THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes buck on the corner  
My mother makes second hand Gin  
My sister makes love for a dollar  
My God how the money rolls in

## THE MONEY ROLLS IN (can't)

CHORUS: Rolls in, Rolls in,  
My God how the money Rolls in -  
Rolls, in, Rolls in,  
Rolls in, Rolls in!  
My God how the Money Rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary  
He saves fallen women from sin  
He'll save you a blond for five dollars  
My God, how the Money Rolls in!

My grandma sells cheap prophylactics  
And punctures the heads with a pin  
'Cause grandpa gets rich from abortions  
My God, how the Money rolls in!

My uncle is whittling out candles  
From wax that is specially soft  
He says that they'll come in real handy  
If ever his business drops off!

I've lost all my dough on the horses  
I'm sick from the second-hand gin  
I'm falling in love with my father  
My God, what a mess I'm in!

## THE BALL OF BALLYNOOR

CHORUS: How do ya Lassnik, How do ya do?  
I can-na do ya Lassnik  
I can-na do ya noo

The Ball, The Ball, The Ball of Ballynoor  
Your wife and my wife were do'n it on the floor, Sing'n...

They were do'n it in the parlor, do'n it on the stones  
And you couldn't hear the music for the wheezing and the groans,  
Sing'n....

The deacon's wife was stand'n there, her back against the wall  
"Put your money on the table, boys, I'm go'n to do ya all", Sing'n..

The Queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey,  
The King was in the chambermaid and she was in the money, Sing'n....

They tried it on the garden path and once around the park,  
And when the candles snotted out, they did it in the dark, Sing'n...

The letter carrier, he was there, the poor man had the pox,  
He couldna do the lasses, so he did the letter box, Sing'n....

They were do'n it in the parlor, They were do'n it on the stair  
And you couldna see the carpet for the wealth of public hair, Sing'n.

## THE BALL OF BALLENOOR (Cont)

They were do'n it in the rafters, They were do'n it in the ricks,  
And you couldna hear the music for the swish'n of the pricks, Sing'n..

The Governor's wife, she was there, she had the crowd in fits  
By jumping off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits, Sing'n....

The village idiot, he was there, play'n the perfect fool,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through his tool,  
Sing'n...

The village blacksmith, he was there, what do ya think of that?  
Amusing himself, Abusing himself, and catching it all in his hat,  
Sing'n.....

The village carpenter, he was there, play'n the perfect fool,  
He sat under the old Oak tree and whittled off his tool, Sing'n....

The village cripple he was there, he could not do much,  
He laid 'em on the table and did 'em with his crutch, Sing'n...

The mayor's wife, she was there, sitt'n down in front,  
A wreath of roses in her hair, a carrot in her cunt, Sing'n....

At first they done it simple, then they tried it he's and she's,  
And when the ball was rolling, they went at it fives and threes,  
Sing'n....

And when the ball was over, everyone confessed,  
The music was exquisite, but the doing was the best.

## HEY LI-DI-LI-DI

CHORUS: Hey li-di-li-di-li-di  
Hey li-di-li-di-low  
Hey li-di-li-di-li-di  
Hey li-di-li-di-low

I know a girl, she lives on a hill  
Hey li-di-li-di-la  
She won't do it but her sister will  
Hey li-di-li-di-la

I know a girl all dressed in pink; Hey li-di-li-di-la  
She knows how to make a finger stink; Hey li-di-li-di-la

I know a guy named Buffalo Bill, Hey li-di-li-di-la  
He don't screw but his buffalo will, Hey li-di-li-di-la

About that guy named Buffalo Bill, Hey li-di-li-di-la  
How do you know his Buffalo will? Hey li-di-li-di-la

ETC.

## SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

CHORUS: Oh, Halalulia, Oh, Halalulia,  
Throw a nickle on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,  
Oh, Halalulia, Oh, Halalulia,  
Throw a nickle on the grass, and you'll be saved!

I was cruising down the D.M.Z.  
Do'n six and twenty per,  
When a call came from the Major,  
Oh, won't you save me air?  
I've got three f--- holes in my wings,  
And my tanks ain't got no gas,  
MAY DAY, MAY DAY, MAY DAY!  
I've got six MIGS on my Ass!

### CHORUS

Oh, I baled out from my Phantom,  
And the landing came out fine.  
With my E&E equipment I set out for our front line,  
Then I opened up my ration,  
To see what was in it,  
The Goddamn Quartermaster,  
He filled the Tin with Shit

### CHORUS

## THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

Oh, I put my finger in the Woodpecker's hole  
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul  
Take it out, Take it Out, Take it Out,  
REMOVE IT!

Oh, I took my finger from the Woodpecker's hole  
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul  
Put it Back, Put it Back, Put it Back,  
REPLACE IT!

I replaced my finger in the Woodpecker's hole  
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul  
Turn it Round, Turn it Round, Turn it Round,  
REVOLVE IT!

Oh, I revolved my finger in the Woodpecker's hole  
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul  
The other way, The other way, The other way,  
REVERSE IT!

Oh, I reversed my finger in the Woodpecker's hole  
And the Woodpecker said Goddamn your soul  
Take it Out, Take it Out, SMELL IT,  
REVOLTING!

## OLD NUMBER NINE

'Twas a dark and stormy night, Not a star there was in sight,  
All the A-4's were tied down to the line,  
When he mad up to his ear stood a lonely volunteer  
With his orders to fly old Number Nine.

His Ass was racked with pain as he climbed into the plane,  
And his Bung Hole was puckered fit to tie.  
He murmured a prayer as he climbed into the air,  
For he knew that this was his night to die.

As he flew o'er the DMZ he bombed a school or three  
And the women and children very well  
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamn low,  
That his bomb blast would blow his Ass to hell.

In the wreckage he was found, thinly spread around the ground,  
And the crunchies they raised his weary head,  
With his life almost spent, here's the message that he sent,  
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead.

I used an 8 to 10 delay, but it didn't work out that way,  
And without a tail an F4B won't fly  
Tell the Skipper for me that he now has twenty-three,  
He can roll up the ladder, Semper Parit

## IT'S ALL A BLOODY SHAME

CHORUS: It's the same the whole world over  
It's the poor what gets the blame  
It's the rich what gets the Gravy  
Ain't it all a Bloody Shame

Standing on the Bridge at midnight  
Throwing Snowballs at the Moon  
She said Jack I've never had it  
But she spoke to Goddamn soon

### CHORUS

She was poor but she was honest  
Victim of a rich man's Whim  
First he goosed and then seduced her  
And she had a child by him.

### CHORUS

Now he's in the House of Commons  
Making laws to rule Mankind  
While she roams the streets of London  
Selling Chunks of her Behind

## I CAN'T FORGET DANANG

I can't forget Danang  
I can't forget Chu Lai  
For Ho Chi Minh shot at me  
And so did Chu on Lai  
I've flown north across the D.M.Z.  
I've dropped a bomb or two  
But all I get is a bunch of Shit  
From you and you and you

CHORUS: Oh, I was born to risk my ass  
And save Viet Nam too  
But all I get is a bunch of Shit  
From you and you and you

## SILVER BOMBS (Tune of "Silver Bells")

CHORUS: Silver Bombs, Silver Bombs, It's Christmas time over Hanoi  
Ting - A - Ling, Here they ring, Soon it will be NAVY's big day.

Bombs are dropping, Traffic's stopping, Look at all the Napalm!  
And on every street corner you'll hear...

CHORUS

Mothers dying, Children crying, Ho Chi's tearing his hair  
As the bombs fly in the air

Bombs are dropping, Steel Mills' flopping, Industry has decreased,  
All the V.C. will have Christmas presents.

CHORUS

## FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (Tune of "Thunder Road")

Let me tell you the story, And I can tell it all  
About a fighter pilot, who loved his Alcohol

Drinking all one evening, He didn't sleep that night  
Early next morning he took his fatal flight

Crawled out through the pre-flight, he felt a little sick,  
Yelled to the plane captain, "Plug her in quick!"

Jumped into his cockpit, he didn't wear his mask  
Reached into his flight suit and pulled out a flask

CHORUS: Thunder, Thunder Over Chu Lai, Lightning was his  
Engine but he was bound to die.

Whisky, whisky to slake a demon's thirst  
The C.O. swore he'd get him but the devil got him first

## FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (Con't)

Ran up his engines, everything looked fine  
Added some power to taxi out the line

Started down the runway, he was doing well  
But he over-rotated and that's all there is to tell.

## NO MORE CHU Lai

CHORUS: Oh, I don't want no more of the Chu Lai scene  
Gee but I want to go, right back to Quantico  
Gee but I want to go home

Our bombs are fuzed electrically  
They say they're mighty swell  
A pal of mine pickled one  
And it blew him straight to Hell!

The Majors here at Chu Lai  
They say are mighty fine  
They act like Liberace  
They look like Frankenstein

The R.I.O.'s here at Chu Lai  
They say are mighty fine  
How in the Hell do they know  
They've never flown with mine

The Pilots here at Chu Lai are a very special kind  
Half of them are nearly deaf  
The others almost blind

The doctors that they gave us were really quite sublime  
The first flew the Gooney Bird the other was gone all the Time

The Army came to Chu Lai expecting quite a Ball  
They all slept together  
One mortar got 'em all

The starting pods at Chu Lai are maintained by the Group  
When it comes to turning engines  
They never have the Poop

The R.I.O.'s in our squadron are a very hostile bunch  
Criticize any one of them  
You'll get a Sunday Punch



100 MILES (Tune of "900 Miles")

If you miss the Church I'm in  
Come around and Nape again  
You can ~~small~~ the people burn 100 miles

CHORUS: 100 Miles, 100 Miles you can .....  
You can .....100 Miles.

Throw Candy on the Ground  
Take the gun and shoot them down  
You can see the children die, 100 miles

CHORUS

As you're diving to the deck  
Pick out a school that you can wreck  
You can hear the children scream, 100 miles

CHORUS

When this bloody war is won  
We'll go see what we have done  
All that's left are piles of bones, piles of bones

CHORUS

SALLY

Sally's in the garden, sipp'n Cider  
Lifts up her leg and Farts Like A Man!

The Gas from her ass broke forty windows,  
The cheeks of her ass go, BAM,BAM,BAM!

THE GLIDER PILOT'S LAMENT

Don't flush the toilet in the tow plane  
When there's a glider attached to the line  
It's hard enough to keep the glider in place  
Without all that Shit flying back in my face  
So don't flush the toilet in the tow plane  
When there's a glider attached to the line

LET ME BE YOUR SALTY DOG (CHORUS)

Oh let me be your Salty Dog, or I won't be your man at all;  
Honey let me be your Salty Dog.

She came once and I came twice, Honey we're in paradise;  
Honey let me be your Salty Dog (CHORUS)

Two old maids sitt'n in bed, one looked up and the other said,  
Honey let me be your Salty Dog!

I'M A NON-COMBATANT FUK (To the tune of "Yank My Doodle,  
it's a Dandy")

I'm a Non-Combatant Asshole  
I have never killed a Cong  
I just sit around and shoot the Shit  
Go home and yank on my Dong  
I bought my Ribbons at a Pawn Shop  
Only cost Two Ninety Five  
I was Alive in '65 and I'll be Alive in '70  
I am a Non-Combatant FUK

323 - 323

323 - 323

You can't Drink, you can't Screw  
Wonder what the Hell you do

323 - 323

You ain't got no Poop  
You're the Assholes of the Group

TEHEPONE (To the tune of "Shaboom")

Tchepone, Tchepone  
Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat  
Tchepone, Tchepone  
Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat  
Tchepone, Tchepone  
They're out for my Ass, Sweetheart!!

HYMN

Hymmmmmmmmm -  
Hymmmmmmmmm -  
FUCK Hymmmmmmm!!

OLD \_\_\_\_\_ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE

Old \_\_\_\_\_ used to own a grocery store  
He used to hang his meat upon the outside of the door  
All the little children used to Yell and Scream and Shout....  
Old \_\_\_\_\_ YOUR PORK IS HANG'N OUT!!

A-4D'S ARE TINKER TOYS

A-4D's are Tinker Toys  
They are flown by little boys  
And they make a funny noise.....  
(Rasberry)

F-4B's are Rocket Ships  
They are flown by real Hot Shits  
And they make a mighty Roar.....  
ROOOAARRR!!

## QUIT CROSSING YOUR LEGS

Quit Crossing your legs, you're crushing my glasses -  
You're Fucking-Up a good cigar

## SKOSHI NIPPONESE

When the Ice is on the Rice in Southern Honshu  
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze,  
When you whisper to your Jo-San, "I adore you!"  
Then you're getting just a Skoshi Nipponeese.

When the Colonel misses master in the morning  
And the Major's got the Officers' Disease  
When half the Squadron's Medically Restricted  
Then you're getting just a Skoshi Nipponeese.

BYE, BYE ASSHOLES (To the tune of "B.e, B.e Blackbird" - Sung  
in the Officers Club in Danang just prior  
to 542's move to Japan in August '66)

542 enjoyed their fling -  
We sure are glad to leave this Wing  
Bye, Bye Assholes

542 has done their Delt -  
Now it's off to the land of the Furry Pelt  
Bye, Bye Assholes

No one there to wake me up at Five -  
Sure am glad that I am still Alive -  
Grab that Jo-San by the Shank  
Put a Tiger in her Tank -  
ASSHOLES, BYE - BYE !!

## THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A Bloody Fetus on a Marble Slab  
A Ten-Inch Penis with a Syphillis Scab  
A Quickie Blow Job in a Taxi Cab  
These Foolish Things Remind me of you

A Twat that Twitches like a Moose's Ear  
A Dried-Up Condom in a Glass of Beer  
A Ten Pound Titty in a Loose Brassiere  
These Foolish Things Remind me of You

A Dirty Jockstrap on the Barroom Floor  
A Pool of Blood beside a Sleeping Whore  
A rolled-up Tampax like an Apple Core  
These Foolish Things Remind me of You.

HERE'S TO THE MAJORS

Here's to the Majors, the Majors, the Majors  
Oh, Here's to the Majors, the worst of them all -

They Eat it, They Beat it, They always mistreat it -  
Oh, Here's to the Majors, The worst of them all

TAKE IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME (To the tune of "Take me out to  
the Ball Game")

Take it out at the ball game  
Wave it around at the crowd  
Stick it in your peanuts and Cracker Jack  
I don't care if you give it a whack  
For it's beat your meat at the ball game  
If you don't come it's a shame -  
For it's one, two, three strokes you're out  
At the OLD BALL GAME

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE (To the tune of "She Wore a Tulip")

She wore her Nightie, her lilly white Nightie  
And I wore my B.V.D.'s  
First I caressed her, and then I undressed her,  
What a sight she shewed to me!  
I played with those Titties, those lilly white Titties  
And down where the short hair grows -  
As our kisses grew sweeter, I whipped out my Peter,  
And white-washed her BIG RED ROSE!

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the Queen of all the Acrobats  
She can do the tricks that'll give your cat the shits -  
She can roll a pea around her fundamental orifice  
Do a double semersault and catch it on her tit -  
She's a great big senofabitch, twice the size of me  
And the hair on her ass is like the branches on a tree  
SHE CAN:

SWIM, FISH, FIGHT, FUCK -

ROLL A BARREL, DRIVE A TRUCK -

Mary Ann Burns is the only girl for me!

FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK (To the tune of "On Wisconsin")

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck (Etc.)

## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

CHORUS: Oh, Roll your leg over  
Oh, Roll your leg over  
Oh, Roll your leg over the Man in the Moon

If all them young ladies was little White Rabbits  
I'd be a Hare and teach them bad habits.

If all them young ladies was up for improvement  
I'd give them some help with a ball-bearing movement.

If all them young ladies was little white kittens  
And I was a Tom Cat, I'd give them new fittin's.

If all them young ladies was B-29's  
And I was a fighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

If all them young ladies was bats in a steeple  
And I were a bat - - - there'd be more bats than people.

If all them young ladies was diamonds and rubies  
And I were a jeweler, I'd shine up their boobies.

If all them young ladies was wheels on a car,  
Then I'd be the piston and go twice as far.

If all them young ladies was rushes a-growing,  
I'd take out my scythe and set out a-mowing.

If all them young ladies was bells in a tower,  
Then I'd be the sexton and I'd bang every hour.

If all them young ladies was bricks in a pile,  
Then I'd be the mason and I'd lay them in style.

If all them young ladies was fish in the ocean,  
And I were a whale, I'd show them the motion.

If all them young ladies was fish in a pool,  
I'd be a shark with a water-proof tool.

If all them young ladies was wheat in a field,  
And I were a reaper, I'd make them all yield.

If all them young ladies was trees in a forest,  
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris.

If all them young ladies were singing this song,  
It would be twice as filthy and four times as long!

## BALLAD OF THE U.S. MARINE (To the tune of the "Green Beret")

We're the Men, U.S. Marines  
Dirty, Tough and Fighting Mean.  
From the States we came this way  
Couldn't care less about the Green Beret

We stalk in paddies both night and day  
Don't need chutes or a Green Beret.  
Have no wings upon our chests  
Fighting Marines, Our Country's best.

With steel pots upon our heads  
We fight like hell and eat hot lead.  
Keep your cap and silver wings  
Take them home with all your things.

We patrol and kill V.C.  
Fighting Cong to make men free.  
One hundred men overrun today  
We saved them all, the Green Berets.

I saw Marines who gave their lives  
So Green Berets could return to their wives.  
If I should die in this far off land  
I hope it'll be for a better man.

While they jump and sing their songs  
We search the fields and kill the Cong.  
We're the men who fight each day  
Since "75" it's been that way.

Back at home a young wife waits  
Her brave Marine has met his fate.  
He has died so others could live  
For his land that's what he'll give.

I knew this song won't be a hit  
But a good Marine don't give a Shit.  
And when it comes to glory and fame  
We'll kick your ass and take your name.

## THE FIRST OF MAY

Hurray, Hurray the First of May!  
Outdoor Intercourse starts today !!

## RING A DING A DING DING

Ring A Ding A Ding Ding, Blow it out your ass  
Ring A Ding A Ding Ding, Blow it out your ass  
Ring A Ding A Ding Ding, Blow it out your ass  
Lift up your skirts and blow it out your ass!!

## THE FRIAR

There was a Friar of Great Renown  
There was a Friar of Great Renown  
There was a Friar of Great Renown

AND HE: Fucked a girl from out of town  
He Fucked a girl from out of town

CHORUS: HA HA HA  
HO HO HO  
HORSE SHIT!  
THAT NO GOOD CONFEABITCH!  
THAT BOTTEN OLD COCKSUCKER!  
FUCK HIM!

She said, "Kind Sir please cease and quit  
She said, "Kind Sir please cease and quit  
She said, "Kind Sir please cease and quit

AND HE: Bit her on the Rosy Tit  
He Bit h r on the Rosy Tit

## CHORUS

He laid her on the dewy grass  
He laid her on the dewy grass  
He laid her on the dewy grass

AND HE: Rammed his Penis up her Ass  
He Rammed his Penis up her Ass

## CHORUS

They buried her on Chestnut Street  
They buried her on Chestnut Street  
They buried her on Chestnut Street

AND HE: Sat on her Grave and Beat his Meat  
He sat on her Grave and Beat his Meat

## CHORUS

## LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you Sweetheart  
I'm in love with you  
Let me stroke your Vulva  
'Til it fills with Goo  
Let me bite your Boobies  
'Til they're Black and Blue  
Let's play Hide the Weenie  
Up your old Wazoo!

### MY PLASTIC JESUS

I don't care if it rains or freezes  
As long as I got my plastic Jesus  
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car

I don't care if the road gets hairy  
As long as I got my magnetic Mary  
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car

I don't have to watch my behavior  
As long as I got my suction Savior  
Sitt'n on the dashboard of my car.

### SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette  
Your pants are wet  
You say it's sweat  
It's piss I bet  
In all my dreams  
Your bare Ass gleams  
You're the wrecker of my pecker  
Sweet Antoinette

### JESUS SAVES

Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank  
Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank  
Jesus puts his money in the First National Bank  
Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves!!

### BY THE LIGHT

By the light of the flickering match  
I saw her snatch  
By the light of the match, sweet snatch

By the light of the flickering match  
I saw her cream  
I heard her scream  
I was burning her snatch  
With the flickering match!!

### WALK'N YOUR BABY BACK HOME

Gee but it's great after eat'n your date  
Brushing your teeth with a comb  
Gee but it's great after eat'n your date  
Walk'n your baby back home.



CHORUS: AY, YI, YI, YI  
In China they never eat chills (pussy)  
So sing me another verse  
That's worse than the other verse  
And waltz me around again Willy!

There once was a man named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
She was big and smeely and had a pot-belly  
But think of the money he saved

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose Dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin  
If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it.

There was a team of Tom and Louise  
Who did an act while on their knees  
They crawled down the aisle while screwing dog-style  
And the orchestra played Kilmer's "Trees".

There was a young man from Boston  
Who bought himself a new Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
But the rest hung out and he lost 'em

There was a lady from Cape Cod  
Who thought all children came from God  
It wasn't the almighty who got in her nighty  
It was Rodger the Lodger by God

There was a young man named McGruder  
Who dated a girl from Bermuda  
She thought she'd be schrewd and swim in the nude  
But McGruda was schrewder and screwed her

There was a young lady from Weaver  
Who had an affair with a Beaver  
The result of the Fuck was two geese and a duck  
And an off-color Irish Retriever

A lovely young miss named Sue  
Dreamt she was eating a Gnu  
In the middle of the night she woke up in a fright  
To find out it was perfectly true

There was once a young man named McNair  
Who was screwing his girl on the stair  
The bannister broke on the 99th stroke  
And he finished her off in mid-air

IN CHINA THEY NEVER EAT CHILE (Con't)

There was a young man from Rancine  
Who invented a masturbating machine  
Concave and Convex it would fit either sex  
But oh, what a bastard to clean

There was a young man from Peru  
Who fell asleep while in a canoe  
He dreamt that Venus tickled his penis  
And woke up with a canoe full of Goo

There was a young lady from Dundee  
Who fucked with an Ape in a tree  
The results were so horrid, all ass and no forehead  
Four balls and a purple goat

There was a young lady from the Azores  
Whose body was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street wouldn't eat the green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There once was a Major named Kruthers  
Who said, "If I had my druthers -  
I'd hump your kid sisters 'til their backs were all blisters  
then I'd start on your mothers

We once had a Skipper, "Fred Fearless"  
Whose sexual prowess was peerless  
'Til his Dick he did wrench as he fell off the bench  
While screwing in back of a Corlist

There once was a lady from Impedes  
Who loved to engage in ecitus  
She fucked a halfback and then a fullback  
Until she got athelete's fetus

There was a young lady from Dallas  
Who used dynamite for a phallus  
They found her vagina in North Carolina  
And her ass in Buckingham Palace

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She lay on her back and tickled her crack  
and pissed all over the cieling

There was a young man from Trent  
Whose Dick was so long it was bent  
To save himself trouble, he stuck it in double  
So instead of coming, he went.

### I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl, yes I do; yes I do  
I love her truly  
I love the hole she pisses through  
I love her Ruby Red Lips and her Lilly White Tits  
And the hair around her asshole  
I'd eat her shit - CHOMP, CHOMP, CHOMP  
If she asked me to  
I'd eat her poop - DIDDLY-OOP, DIDDLY-OOP  
With an Ice Cream scoop!

### LIFE AT HOME

Life at home is sad and dreary  
Life at home is like a tomb  
Father has a rectal stricture  
Mother has a fallen womb  
Brother Ben has been deported  
For some homosexual crime  
And the maid has been aborted  
For the sixth or seventh time  
Sister Sue has painful menses  
No one laughs and no one smiles  
But the saddest occupation  
Cracking ice for Grandpa's Piles

### AVIATOR'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober moods  
When I ramble, sit and drink.  
Here's to me in my drunken moods  
When I gamble, sin and drink.  
And when my flying days are over  
And my life on earth is past,  
I hope they bury me upside down  
So the world can kiss my ass!

### UNCLE JOHN

Uncle John and Auntie Mabel fainted at the breakfast table  
This should prove sufficient warning, Never do it in the morning.  
Ovaltine has set them right, now they do it every night  
Uncle John is hoping soon to rip one off in the afternoon.

### CHU LAI (To the tune of the "Happy Wanderer")

I love to go a'wandering around the Chu Lai base  
And as I go I love to sing, I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE!!

OFF WE GO. ON AN ONE HOUR TEST HOP (To the tune of "Off we go into the wild blue yonder")

Off we go, on an one hour test hop  
Over the land, not over the sea  
And for this feat, we get a ten-day furlough  
A raise in rank, and a D.F.C.  
We're heroes all, if you can tell by medals,  
We get a lot, and more as we go -  
We're out to Kill, Ourselves, We Will!  
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force  
(From getting medals)  
Oh, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force  
(Those raving Assholes)  
Oh, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

NEILLIE DARLING

Your ass is like a stove pipe Nellie Darling,  
The nipples on your tits are turning green  
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,  
You are the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.  
Ten thousand crabs abound around your asshole  
When you piss, your piss is just as green as grass  
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,  
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your ass!!

NOTHING COULD BE FINER (To the tune of "Carolina")

Nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina  
In the Morning -  
Nothing could be sweeter than your lips around my peter  
In the Morning -  
If I had a wish - and it could come true,  
I'd spend the whole night 69'n with you  
Oh, nothing could be finer than to be in your vagina  
In the Morning.

DANANG (To the tune of Brazil")

Background: Swat those gnats, wipe your asshole  
Swat those gnats, wipe your asshole  
Danang - There is no Puntang in Danang  
There are two flies upon my Wang  
There is no Puntang in Danang, Danang

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN

My father is a fireman, He puts out fires  
My brother is a fireman, He puts out fires  
My sister Sal is a fireman's Gal, She puts out too!

TURALI TURALI TURALI

It isn't the Rollin' or Rockin'  
Or the foam on the crest of a wave  
It's the foam on the neck of the bottle  
That's driving me down to my grave

CHORUS: Turali, Urili, Urili  
Turali, Urili, Urili

Now the sexual life of a camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He tries to make love to the Sphinx  
But the Sphinx's posterior organ  
Is buried in the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS

The Officer's ride in the motor Boat  
The Captain rides in his Gig  
It don't go a goddamn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big

CHORUS

Here's to old Fort Massachusetts  
And here's to the old Mohawk trail  
And here's to those Indian maidens, God Bless them  
They gave us our first piece of Wampum

CHORUS

Exhaustive Experimentation  
By Darwin and Huxely and Hall  
Has proved that the Ass of a Hedgehog  
Can hardly be buggered at all

CHORUS

Here's to the students at HARVARD  
And here's to the boys down at Yale  
They shave all the hair off the Hedgehog  
To better to get at the tail

CHORUS

Here's to the girls down in Sydney  
And here's to the streets that they roam  
And here's to those dirty faced Urchins, God Bless 'em  
Any one of them may be our own

CHORUS

THE TATTOOED LADY (To the tune of "My Indiana Home")

Once I married a tattooed lady  
And believe me when I say  
Tattooed on her body  
Was a map of the good old USA  
Every night when the moon shone brightly  
And my baby and I went to sleep  
I'd wait until my baby was snoring  
Then I'd lift up the sheets and take a peek.....

On her neck was Minnesota  
On her shoulder was Tennessee  
And Tattooed on her back was dear old Hackensack  
A place where I long to be  
On her chest was West Virginia  
Through those hills I love to roam  
And when the moon shone down down upon her Wabash  
Then I knew I'd found my Indiana home!

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid  
Down at the bottom of the sea.  
She lost her morals down among the corals  
Gee, but she was good to me.  
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed  
You can easily see she's not my mother  
'Cause my mother's forty-nine  
And you can easily see she's not my sister  
'Cause I'd never show my sister such a helluva Good Time  
And you can see she's not my sweetheart  
'Cause my sweetie's too refined  
She's just a snip of a kid, who loved what she did  
She's a personal friend of mine !

SECOND HAND HOSE

Second Hand Hose  
I'm just a second hand hose

Although I'll tell you I've been sav'n it just for you

I was teach'n TIGERS tricks  
While you played with your Cocks  
I've worn out more Footons  
Then you've worn out socks

Oh, every one knows I'm just a Second Hand Hose  
From good old I-WAK-A-DO ! !